

FRANK KELL FINALLY TALKS

Vice-President of the Wichita Falls & Northwestern Tells of Progress in Construction

Vice President and General Manager Frank Kell of the Wichita Falls & Northwestern drove in to Liberal Thursday afternoon, and was accompanied by S. P. Fisher, General Engineer of the M. K. & T. Ry. of St. Louis. While waiting for his supper at the Cimarron Thursday evening, Mr. Kell was willing to talk about the progress being made on the line at the present time.

"We are coming right along," said Mr. Kell. "The line south of Woodward is practically completed to the Canadian. We are now waiting for the bridge to be finished, before pushing the work south of that point. We expect to have the line between Woodward and Hammon in operation by the latter part of February. The work this side of Woodward is coming along nicely, too. We have two steel laying gangs on this end of the line, and the steel will be laid to a point about fifteen miles this side of Woodward by the first of the week. All told, we have about 2,000 men working on the extension, and about three hundred men working on the bridge and steel gangs. I passed a

gang of 50 teams today which are moving up to the new town this side of Beaver City. We will go to work there within the next ten days. The new town north of Beaver City will be called Forgan, and I expect to have the townsite opened up within the next two weeks."

"There is nothing new in the way of an extension this side of Forgan at the present time. However, I hope sometime, that we will be able to push the road further northwest."

When asked if Mr. Fisher's coming along this trip had any special significance, Mr. Kell replied "No nothing in particular. You see our chief engineer, Mr. Thompson, left us a short time ago to take up work with the state railroad board of California, and I have never selected a man to fill his place. Mr. Fisher is just along this trip to see if I am doing things right." Mr. Fisher had nothing to say during the entire interview. His presence on this trip would make it appear that the line now known as the Wichita Falls may sometime become the property of the Katy, if it is not already so.

The Pellette Trial

The court of Justice Woods was crowded Tuesday afternoon for the preliminary hearing of the case of State of Kansas vs. E. F. Pellette. The charge was manslaughter in the fourth degree. The first witness to take the stand was Dr. R. T. Nichols, who was called into the case. He told of the appearance of the patient, Mrs. McNabney, when he entered the room. According to his testimony the woman was suffering from the loss of blood. He at once examined the patient and prepared to remove the placenta. Mrs. McNabney asked him to hurry, and seemed to be very weak. The placenta was removed, but he failed to save her life. Before undertaking to do this Dr. Nichols informed the family that the woman was in a dying condition and that this was the only possible chance to save her life. Mr. McNabney was called to the stand and told of engaging Dr. Pellette for the case, and of the birth of the child in the morning about 7:30. After this Mrs. McNabney seemed to be resting easily and Dr. Pellette went to sleep after asking those in attendance to call him in case there was any sign of a hemorrhage. They called him about half an hour later as the patient was having a hemorrhage and he went to the bedside. Then Dr. Pellette tried to get Dr. Land over the phone. Dr. Land could not come to the case and about noon Dr. Nichols was called. He arrived there a little after one o'clock. Mr. McNabney said that he had given Dr. Pellette full charge of the case and told him to use his own judgment in the case.

The State in the examination attempted to prove that the death of Mrs. McNabney was due to the loss of blood occasioned by the fact that the placenta was not removed within a reasonable time after birth of the child. Upon the failure of Dr. Pellette to remove this afterbirth the County Attorney based the charge that the osteopath was criminally negligent. Dr. A. L. Knisely was called to the stand for expert testimony, in regard to the amount of blood in the body, the usual treatment in such cases, and as to whether or not it would be proper to have treated a case in this condition as it was treated. He said that in cases of hemorrhage the

first thing to do was to remove the placenta, regardless of any other condition of the patient. The testimony of both of the physicians who were on the stand showed that it was customary to remove the placenta within half an hour after the birth of the child. In this case the placenta was not removed until nearly five and half hours after the birth of the child. However, it was said by both physicians that there was no particular danger in leaving the placenta for some length of time if there were no hemorrhages or indications of hemorrhages. Mrs. Myra Edwards was called to the stand to corroborate the evidence of Mr. McNabney. David Curtis who looked after the corpse testified to the fact that there were only a few drops of blood in the body, where he expected to find from two to five quarts of blood, and that the blood could not have coagulated within the six hours between the time of death and the time he arrived to care for the body.

The case was taken under advisement by Justice Woods who said he would return a verdict Wednesday morning. He failed to do so and postponed the return of the verdict until Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

The return by the justice will be made on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, if the evidence in the case is transcribed by that time.

You can buy all kinds of candy at the George Grocery.

Ultimately, you will go to Jarret's to do your holiday shopping, so—why not do it today?

Merle Perkins came in from Illinois Wednesday evening for a short visit with his brother, Jean Perkins of this city. He is also a cousin of Ernest Adams.

Miss Blanche Bell has resigned her position in the postoffice, the resignation to take effect on December 15th. Mr. T. S. Locke has been named as her successor.

Miss Esther Botts took the testimony in the Pellette case in the court of Justice Woods Tuesday afternoon.

Lost

An overcoat on the streets of Liberal, Thursday afternoon. Finder please return to Democrat office.

This Complex Existence

Kendall tiptoed to the bottom of the stairs and called "Mother!" in a voice which to the uninitiated might have indicated that he was one of those gentle, retiring children known generally as not daring, to speak above a whisper.

There was no answer. So, muttering to himself, "Well, I guess she ain't at home, or I guess she said she was going downtown today," he made a very subdued, genteel exit.

But Kendall had reckoned without his host. Before he had reached the street he was stopped by a voice from the front upstairs window. Mrs. Boyd had not been Kendall's another twelve years without having become more or less acquainted with his ways.

"Kendall, dear," she said, "where are you going?"

Kendall halted on the lower step and kicked the newel post viciously. Then he regarded the toe of his shoe with great disfavor.

"Play ball," he said. "Over in the lot with the fellers."

"But, you know, dancing school begins today," and his mother, sweetly, "You must come in and get ready."

She withdrew her head discreetly in time to avoid being convicted of hearing her son respond. "Aw, rats on dancing school! I ain't going!"

Then Kendall sat down on the step and bumped the railing with his bat for several minutes. There was no further sound from the house and he repeated his former remarks in a louder tone: "Aw, rats on old dancing school! I ain't going this year!"

"Say, mother!" he shouted, belligerently, "I ain't going to change my clothes, anyway. These is good enough for old dancing school."

There was no response.

"Aw, rats!" Kendall said once more. "I wish there hadn't never been an old dancing school. Then maybe I wouldn't have to go."

After relieving his mind by giving the steps several much louder knocks than before, he rose and went into the house, kicking each step as he went. He draped himself about the banisters and swung there noisily until the sound of the maternal voice came to him from the upper regions.

"Come up, Kendall, and begin dressing."

"Aw, I don't want to go to old dancing school," Kendall reiterated. Kendall's vocabulary was somewhat limited. "Say, mother, don't make me go this year. Nobody but sissy boys go to dancing school."

There was no reply. Mrs. Boyd was past mistress of the art of coercion by silence.

"Well, anyway, I'm just going to wear my school clothes. I'll take my pumps, but these clothes is good enough."

Clump! Clump! Clump! "Say, mother!" said a voice from the depths of Kendall's closet. "I don't have to wash my neck, do I? Say, gee! I gave it a good wash this morning. I ain't going to wash it again this afternoon."

Silence. "Well, anyway, I ain't going to wash it tonight before I go to bed if I have to wash it this afternoon. I don't see what difference it makes. I'm clean enough to go and dance with a lot of girls and a lot of sissy boys."

Splash, splash, splash, from the bathroom.

"Say, mother, I ain't going to dance with no girls this afternoon. Maybe I'll dance with the teacher, but I bet I won't dance with no girls. Girls, they make me tired!"

Silence. "Say, mother, I don't have to put on a clean shirt, do I? I don't see what makes you want me to put on a so many clean things. Gee! I bet dad'll be mad when he sees how big the laundry bill is."

Silence.

"Say, mother, this stocking's got a hole in it." Can't I wear the ones I have on? Well, anyway, I bet if I do have to dance with the girls I'll pinch their fingers so they won't want to dance with me again. Girls make me awful tired!"

"Say, mother, my foot hurts me awful. I bet my ankle's sprained. Anyway, I bet it will be if I dance all afternoon."

"I'm going to wear my pumps over to the hall and then I won't have to change them after I get there. It makes me tired having to change my shoes a hundred times every day. Well, anyway, I'm not going to change them when I come home. I'm going to wear my pumps. Well, anyway, if I don't wear them home this time I'm going to the next time. Say, mother, I won't have to walk home with any girl, will I?"

"No son," replied Mrs. Boyd, comfortingly, "That's one thing I don't consider absolutely necessary for your social salvation. The time will come soon enough when you'll want to."

"Gee! I bet it won't!" said Kendall. "Say, mother, tie my necktie for me, will you? Girls! I hate 'em! Gee! when I'm grown up I bet I won't ever go to dancing school or speak to a girl or anything. Gee! Don't I wish I was grown up?"

"Say, mother, honest, do I have to go to dancing school?"

--- MAKE ---

December 25th

--- AN ---

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